

PAVLOVA of the POETICAL TOES

Russian Danseuse the
Greatest Dancer of All
Time, Say Many
Critics—Her Tempera-
ment Is Also Note-
worthy in Its Explo-
siveness,
Say
Others.



"Pavlova of the poetic toes!"
"Pavlova, the incomparable!"
Also "Pavlova, the tempestuous!" For, whisper, Pavlova has a temper.

Honest?
Well, of course, we are merely relying on what we are told, because we must admit that whenever we have seen the handsome, graceful danseuse, she has impressed us as charming, not to say entrancing, but, again, of course, our acquaintance has never been intimate. And in further explanation, albeit it is arguing in favor of our premise, the only authority we have in the negative is her present manager, and, well—enough said.

But let us be charitable for the nonce, and pass from the discussion of the beautiful Russian exponent of the art of Terpsichore's temperament to her art. And here there can be naught but praise. Pavlova is a dancer. In fact, to use the vulgar, but expressive slang of the day, she is "some" dancer. If you don't believe it, just listen to what a New York critic recently intimated. And just in passing it might be pertinent to remark that praise from a New York critic makes it permissible to introduce a bromide and say that it is a "rare avis."

But there is nothing bromidical in Pavlova's dancing. To quote a once-popular song, "Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own." She is the danseuse pre-eminent. But we were going to tell you what this famous New York critic had to say about Pavlova (all New York critics are famous, you know). Well, this New York critic had this to say:

"Anna Pavlova returned yesterday to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, and the large audience which greeted her in the afternoon and evening realized that since her departure the stage of that theater has never known her equal. Other and famous dancers have been there and it has seemed in the absence of the exquisitely imaginative and poetic maid that flew over the stage yesterday as if there might be in the recollection some exaggeration of her unique charm and skill. But that thought was quieted the minute the Russian premiere appeared on the stage and with M. Novikoff danced the opening phrases of a Chopin nocturne. Truly Pavlova is incomparable."

"No other woman ever translated the soul of music into movement; and pose, made imagination and poetry appeal to the eye through grace of action and beauty of gesture, as she does. Her technical facility never seems to serve any other purpose than her art. Mere virtuosity for its own sake is not noticed. The conquest of more technical difficulties seems to have been ignored, so little does its mechanical perfection figure in her dancing. One looks beyond that detail of her art to delight in its emotional expression. For it is, after all, the revelation of a rare and poetic nature that this unique artist offers in addition to everything else in the world that any other dancer of her time has been able to give to the public. It may be quite possible for a ballet girl to be a poet and not give it expression by any other means than those habitually employed in her art."

ART IS ENHANCED.
BY SLIGHT PAUSES.

"One admired and wondered more than ever yesterday at the subtle and secondary pause which comes as the climax of every exhibition of Mme. Pavlova's skill. It is as if she was arrested for a second by the finger of Apollo, who reached down at the swiftest and most difficult or most graceful minute of her flight that the world might gaze at its ease for the space of a second at this divinity of the dance and lose no trace of the message of beauty which she brings. In her duet with M. Novikoff in the 'Fantasie Orientale' and in her



solo waltz in "Une Soiree de Danse," this trait of her dancing delighted the spectators. There is a second of hesitation which expresses as none of her other characteristics the irresistible perfection of its beauty. As the light centers on one facet of a gem when it is for a second stationary, so this elegant pause of Mme. Pavlova reveals the deepest beauties of her art to the public.

"There was no opportunity to exhibit among her tours de forces the baffling backward step which used to come always at the end of the first act of 'Coppelia,' but her mastery of the backward turn with the irresistible glance over the shoulder was as wonderful as ever. The music of the first number 'Une Soiree de Danse' was from the compositions of Chopin, so the audience saw her in the customary full skirts of white tulle, longer than those worn by most dancers. It was her exquisite dancing which alone appealed to the audience here. But in 'Fantasie Orientale' there was a deeper dramatic significance in all she did, as she was the Oriental enchantress and there was some sort of action in the episode."

And this mention of Novikoff just brings us right back to the subject that we have been trying to avoid, to-wit: the discussion of temperament. And, now, before we go into it, we want to ask you again to remember that her present manager says that the reports of its tempestuousity is greatly exaggerated and in fairness to the great little woman we will tell just how he says so later on.

But, of course, a quick temper has never been entirely dissociated from beauty and art. In fact, the reverse more frequently has been the case. History would make it appear that the most beautiful and graceful woman in the world have the worst tempers. Cleopatra was no meek and humble damsel, nor Helen of Troy, nor Mme. Pompadour, nor was Venus—if our lore is correct—without a will of her own. Then is it a matter of wonder if the most graceful creature on earth at the present moment comes to other women when it comes to showing a little bit of temper?

Well, then, here is what has been said about Pavlova's temper by one who claims to know whereof he speaks:

"For two solid years, every night, she had a fight with Mikail Mordkin, her partner. Sometimes a quarrel resulted from so small an occurrence as Mordkin's breathing a little too heavily in the danseuse's

shell-like ear. Sometimes it ensued from a wrong step or from a whispered suggestion. MORDKIN SUES PAVLOVA AND WINS.

"But whatever the cause, for two years audiences enjoyed the unusual spectacle of nightly open discord between these two stars. Finally Mordkin got disgusted and sued Pavlova and won, even though the lovely Russian appeared in court in her most fetching gowns and beautiful furs."

"Then she danced with Nijinsky and got on fine at first, but that ended in a lawsuit, too."

"She and Novikoff had planned a new oriental dance together. The audience was wild with enthusiasm, Pavlova was in her best spirits, and peace seemed to brood over the stage."

"Suddenly, without warning or reason, to the audience at least, Pavlova turned on Novikoff like a tigress. She lifted her hand and gave him a stinging blow on the shoulder. Novikoff, who is the soul of good humor, looked at her and then immediately left the stage. Pavlova walked off from the other side."

"The stage was empty and the people in the stalls smiled in amusement and whispered tales of previous quarrels that the dancer had had with Mordkin."

"The orchestra played to an empty stage, and after quite a wait, Pavlova came on again and danced two solos. Novikoff refused to come back."

"The next day he voiced himself freely and frankly of his opinions."

"Pavlova is without doubt the most graceful artist on the stage," he conceded, "but she also has the worst temper of any human being. She is almost a fiend sometimes, and her anger seems insane. You never know when you are working with her if she won't suddenly claw your eyes out. I feel as sure with her as if I were on the edge of a volcano, or as if I were backed up against a tree with a tigress about to spring on me. When things go well there is no partner on earth with whom one can dance so easily, so spiritually, but the continual fear of her anger nearly kills the joy of the dance."

"Now, why is it? Why, when there are beauty, grace, charm and art, must there always be temper? Why can't genius be cool and calm and peaceful instead of flying into tantrums every time a pin is dropped?"

"Look at the brilliant people you

THREE poses of Mme. Anna Pavlova, alone, and two poses with her former dancing partner, Mordkin.

know. Haven't they all violent, headstrong tempers?

"It seems a pity one of the most graceful women an earth couldn't please the heart as much as she pleases the eye and be perfection instead of near-perfection."

So it would appear that Pavlova, loveliness itself, just can't get along with anybody for very long; that, gifted with beauty, charm and art, she is chiefest of the "Order of Bickerers." On the stage she is considered the most graceful of artists: "Pavlova of the Poetical Toes!" A zephyr is not as light as she. She is like a summer cloud. Who would think she has such an awful temper. Yet, we are told such is the case and that now she has to dance solos.

But let us hear the other side of the story. You remember we promised it to you. We will quote from another writer, who takes the opposite point of view and besides quoting her present manager to show she is of an angelic disposition, gives us some interesting observations of her own about the great danseuse's art and temperament from personal contact. Incidentally we might mention that this latter is a woman while the first writer is a man. We will not attempt to discuss the question from this standpoint, however, but rather leave it to you to argue out with your wife, or husband, or

sweetheart. Suffice that we record her statement.
CALL HER HEROINE.
OF HER MANAGER.

"If no man is a hero to his valet," what petted dancer of two hemispheres is a heroine to her manager?" she asks.

And she answers: "Mlle. Anna Pavlova."

Then continues:

"She is child, woman and artist. In turn and all at once, and the most charming of women to manage," he told me.

"She sat near us, a slender woman in black velvet, sallow of skin and not at all pretty, but with eyes so vivid and so penetrating that they are to her face what her toes are to her dancing, the transmuting vehicle of an inward fire."

"Only her eyes seem to belong to the Pavlova of the stage, always glancing about with the quickness of a bird and always holding you subject to her thought. She was quite without paint or powder and never uses it except as a part of her stage costume."

"Unlike most artists, Pavlova never takes a vacation."

"I cannot afford to," she smiled. "I must work for hours of every day, if I would keep at my best." It is difficult to associate work and her exquisite butterfly dance, which seems the lightest of fan-

tasies, but even the flutter of her marvelously flexible fingers is a thing of constant endeavor. She looks so frail and is such a tiny woman, scarcely weighing 100 pounds, that it seems incredible to find her taking almost no rest and little fresh air.

"When I asked her if she never tired of dancing, if she never felt the need of repose, she answered, 'I rest, but to continue working work is life, and without it I should not care to live. I dance before a mirror or with my ballet master, hours of every day. Mlle, you may believe me when I say that I love it.'"

"I have no time for play. I have no time for anything but dancing not even to marry, for then my husband and my children would have all the right to my care."

"Perhaps you are a suffragist," I suggested. She laughed aloud, turning to her manager, who laughed with her.

"No, I have no time even to think of what I am, except that I was born and bred a dancer. And even though I live in London, the hotbed of the feminist rebellion, it is no nearer to me, dancing before the mirrored walls of my salon, than it is to you living here in America. Perhaps less

continue to entrance us with her 'ocular operas,' as her interpretation of music has been fittingly termed. And that she will continue to do so for some time is most probable for she still is a young woman and it will be some years before Father Time shall steal away her beauty or her skill."

While her attire is exceedingly scanty on the stage as befits her classical interpretations, off the stage Pavlova insists upon rich and heavy fabrics that slink about her feet and beyond that she leaves modes to Lucile. In Paris, who is her dressmaker. "I insist only that they shall be loose and simple," she said. Her dressing room is the scene of much that was amusing and not a little that was serious business. Her dancing master, various members of her ballet company, her conductor, her maid and her manager all revolved around her, demonstrating the fact that there is a large business side to dancing as well as the esthetic appeal to the eye.

Buffalo a Dangerous Animal.
The buffalo is rightly deemed one of the most dangerous beasts of the chase to be found in the world. In unfrequented places, or where it has grown accustomed to domineer over defenseless natives, it will attack unprovoked. Near Kenya, while we were there, a cow buffalo regularly ran amuck through the villages, killing and crippling a number of persons before the young men slew her with spears. Shortly after we left Africa, Messrs. McMillan and Selous made a trip down the Guaso Nyiro, and one of their porters was charged and mortally hurt by a buffalo. On Heatley's farm passers-by had twice been charged unprovoked by old bulls. But the real danger comes when wounded buffalo are followed, especially into thick cover.

Nowadays, in Africa, buffalo have to be killed on foot, by tracking, or by still hunting through the country in which they are found. Their heavy bodies and sharp hoofs make it comparatively easy for a good tracker to follow them, and, although their senses are keen, they are easier to stalk than antelope, being easier to see and just as easy to approach when seen. They are everywhere less easy to kill than rhinos. They do not travel such distances as elephants, and hence their chase does not necessitate such wearing fatigue. The actual circumstances of the stalk vary completely with the cover and the local habits of the animals. Beasts that only venture from the forest or thick jungle at night are, of course, very hard to follow successfully. In light, open jungle, or where the beasts feed on the plains near cover in daylight, it is not difficult to bag a buffalo.

Usually there is little danger in the first shot if taken from a reasonable distance, although even under such circumstances there is now and then a determined charge. Following a wounded buffalo is proverbially risky, as I have already said. Veteran hunters differ widely in their estimate as to which beast is the most dangerous; the claims of lion, leopard, elephant, buffalo and rhinoceros have each been stoutly defended. My own belief, based on all the evidence, is that when a buffalo bull does turn to bay it is to the full as formidable as—and probably more formidable than—a lion, and much more formidable than an elephant, but that it turns to bay far less freely than either.—From "The Life History of the African Buffalo," by Theodore Roosevelt in the December Scribner's Magazine.

The Farmer—I hear there's a fine fat pig for sale here. Can I see it?
The Boy—Fey-ther! Someone wants to see yer.—Sketch.

Her Sutor—I wish to marry your daughter, sir.

Her Dad (sternly)—My daughter, sir, will continue under the parental roof.

Her Sutor—Well, sir, the parental roof looks good to me.—Boston Transcript.

Asbestos deposits throughout a region approximately two by four miles in extent have been discovered in Natal.

Apparatus has been invented by a Russian musician to strengthen the muscles of the hands of violinists.